

With Apologies to I. Walton!

By O. O. MCINTYRE. I often wonder why people go fishing. I've just been—and still wonder. In the hot sun for eight hours, blistered my back, was gnawed by mosquitoes, and if that comes under the head of pleasure, please, Mr. Warden, dust off the electric chair, for here comes a customer. The first person I saw slapped me

I was the first man in America to introduce the blonde mustached fish and I have a lien on all of them. A patent is now pending. But that didn't faze him. He kept on telling of this fish and that. You would have thought he emptied the stream. So I called up his wife and said: "How many fish did John bring home last night?"



"I tried to be haughty, but my foot slipped and I skidded into the stream." On the same blistered back and said: "And how have you been?" "All right," I said. And faintly. To me there is something eerie about the lure of fishing. The brightest men I know go in for it. They look forward for months to the time they can lie along some quiet stream. They lie there and come home and lie some more. And how! I never knew a truthful fisherman when he gives the size of his catch. They tell of a big stuffed fish, shelved and framed, and hanging over the mantel of a club fireplace. A member seeing it for the first time said: "The fellow who caught that is a liar." Men who would shrink at exaggeration ordinarily think nothing of stretching a minnow into a whale. Being Scotch, I believe the only place for fishhooks is the pocket. On this particular fishing trip there was much concern about "halt." Since prohibition I don't see why it matters. There are also men who will argue for hours about the anglerworm. You'd think a little insignificant worm, which hasn't even any expression, was one of the most important things in their lives. Personally I could get more excited about the flea than an anglerworm. It seems to me a flea has more personality. At least those I have met have a way of expressing themselves. A man fishing becomes the most wantankerous soul in the world. The man I was with—for instance. We sat on a rock, looking at the water. The fish weren't biting, so to pass the time I began tossing pebbles into the stream. How Terrible! My beloved elders, you should have seen him. "What in the blazes are you doing?" There was no technical name for my pastime, so I replied: "Pitching pebbles."

"Don't you know you'll frighten the fish?" I was amazed at him. I wouldn't frighten a fish for anything. I am not the person to go through the world with a grudge at a fish. They have always seemed to me rather pleasant—except their smell. "If you are going to be truculent about your pisciculture I'll migrate," I replied. And I repeated it twice for it sounded to me as though it might be intelligent. "Go on home, you nit wit!" he said. "If I'm a nit wit you're a doodad!" I replied. And tried to appear haughty, but in doing so my foot slipped and I skidded into the stream. We finally reached it up. He took back the creek about me being a nit wit and I swallowed my doodad. But, after all, what had started out to be a pleasant day had become rather sour. We decided after a while to leave this stream flat. And we clambered over a hill, collecting chiggers, burrs and things enroute, and came to a running stream. It was one of those racy things—not like the zippy story magazines, but like the poets blab about. It was just an ideal spot for fishing save for one exception. None of the fish was at home. It must have been a day off or something. We sat for several hours, and I went to sleep and almost did another bludge into the stream. "The fish bite best after sundown," my erstwhile friend announced. And he went back to the quiet stream. I decided I wasn't going to keep galavanting over the countryside chasing streams. After all, I came for fish, and so far as I could see I was practically nowhere.

Odd Resigns. Came the purple gloaming—doesn't that sound like movie capitan stuff?—and I left him and started back to the city. All my anglerworms had curled up in disgust and died. That morning they were squirming their way through the virginal earth, happy and unsuspecting of the fate that awaited them. I didn't see my friend until the next evening at a club. His face looked like a piece of raw beef. And a lot of things had bitten his hands besides mosquitoes. "How did you make out?" I said rather testily. I had not forgotten the nit wit thing. Well, you should have seen him rear up on his hind legs and begin to lie. "Make out?" he said. "Ten minutes after you left they began to bite. Say, there was one old fellow weighing 29 pounds. What a battle I gave him! We ran down stream and up stream, but finally I flounced him but on the side of the stream." "Did he have a blonde mustache?" I asked. "Why?" "Well, if he did he was my fish.

"The poor fish didn't bring any fish home," she said. "He got in at midnight after the fish market closed. I found him about 1 o'clock in the morning out in the kitchen making way with a box of sardines." But that was all right. I've been lied to by experts. And a few more won't hurt me. But I am going to have something to say to the next fisherman who asks me to be valet to a lot of fishworms. Fishing and golf will continue to be my pet aversions. One seems to me about as silly as the other, and yet I must say the best people and the brainiest people do both. So I suppose you can't blame me for my aversion—just blame my inferiority complex.

A lot of people think fishing and golf are just excuses for men to get away from home over the weekend. That isn't true. Nor is it fair. The men who fish and golf take more interest in these so-called sports than most people realize. To them they are full of red hot thrills. They go off up into the wilds, risk their lives and endure terrible hardships just to hook some poor fish through the gills. They don't seem to realize men are doing the same in Wall street amid comfortable surroundings. In our little quarters we have Minnie, a goldfish, that has been with us some time. After the return from our fishing trip I got to thinking what a cramped life she led in that little bowl. So I filled the bathtub with water and decided to give her a little outing. At first she seemed delighted—twisting about, darting hither and yon and even floating on her side. Then she began to butt her head against the porcelain sides. I saw she wanted back in her little home, so I put her back. If a fish hasn't any more sense than that I don't see any fun in catching them. Why not catch something intelligent? (Copyright, 1924.)



CHILDREN CRY FOR

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation Wind Colic To Sweeten Stomach Flatulency Diarrhea Regulate Bowels Aids in the assimilation of Food, promoting Cheerfulness, Rest, and Natural Sleep without Opiates To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Charles A. Fletcher. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Here's the Latest---Cod Liver Oil in Tasteless Tablets

Greatest Flesh Builder For Skinny, Weak, Run-Down People--Full of Vitamins. No more will weak, thin, unfortunate children cry in protest when the nasty, fishy-tasting, horrible-smelling cod liver oil is brought out. Medical science progresses rapidly, and now you can get at your druggist's real, genuine cod liver oil in sugar-coated tablets that young and old can take with ease and pleasure. Even the run-down and skinny grown-ups, who ought to take cod liver oil, because it really is the greatest vitamin food and builder of healthy flesh in the world, will feel extremely joyful when they read this welcome news. Of course, doctors have been prescribing cod liver oil in tablets under another name for several years, but it is only of late that one can walk into a drug store and get a box of these flesh-producing tablets just as easy as a bottle of magnesia. Thin, run-down, anemic men, women, and children who need to grow strong and take on flesh are advised to get a box of McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets, and if you don't gain 5 pounds in 30 days just get your money back. One woman gained fifteen pounds in five weeks, according to her own doctor—another ten pounds in three weeks. A very sickly child, aged nine, twelve pounds in seven months, and now plays with other children and has good appetite. Just ask for McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets, Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., Beaton Drug Co. or Brandeis Store or any good druggist will tell you that they are wonderful flesh and health builders. Only sixty cents for 60 tablets. "Get McCoy's, the original and genuine Cod Liver Oil Tablet and beware of imitations."

Buttons Worn on Late Frocks

Recent Decrees From Paris Numerous and Costly to Worshipping Husbands.

By Universal Service. Paris, July 5.—In the latest new models launched by the great dress-makers, black and white is uniform for morning and everyday wear, but at the races, at polo, at tea, and at the various social functions the Parisienne wears the brightest colors, fantastic designs, and elaborate trimmings. This is the day of the button. The Parisienne "elegant" displays as many on a plain satin gown as any queen of the pearls. Tiny black bone buttons, placed shoulder to shoulder, border the hem and the tunic. They form a line down the center front and back, they run up the sleeves to the elbow, they form little pockets and adorn the belt. In fact, wherever a button can be placed buttons are to be found. Another favorite trimming of the season is made of feathers. There are diaphanous flourishes of ostrich feather fronds. These are even seen on the more dressy three-piece costumes that are worn in the afternoon. They border the coat and form its collar.

Pale Blue Cuffs. Grebe is another choice. It is seen in natural colors, and also dyed pale blue, rose or green. A black satin dress had a collar and cuffs of pale blue grebe enriched with fringes of black monkey fur. Marabout dyed to match the gown is popular. Captain Molyneux has found a new use for it. He is making the most luxurious dressing gowns of embroidered crepe de chine in lovely pale pastel colorings.

They have wide collars and cuffs of marabout dyed to match and are lined with the same downy feathers. Printed mousseline de sole is an ideal material for light summer frocks. It is seen in delicate flower patterns in bright pinks and blues on a white ground, in yellow and green on black, while large, natural colored bluish roses crowd themselves over a mousseline of dark brown.

These dresses are made on straight, simple lines, most of them without a belt.

Shiny Dresses. A new material is mousseline crepe, a glazed, shiny tissue that looks like a wet bathing dress. In black this is very much to the fore and it is not unattractive.

The weavers of jazz materials are pursued by the photographers whenever they appear. Green, white and black; red, orange and black, and blue, black and white are the usual colors chosen for these cubistic, futuristic designs.

Women look like demonstrations of Euclid gone wrong. One shudders to think of the consequences when a man who has dined not wisely, but too well returns to find his wife wearing a dress covered with an infinite perspective of jazz triangles.

This is the day of the flowered buttonhole. Every woman wears a scarlet camellia or geranium in the lapel of her coat or pinned to the shoulder of her dress.

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ABE MARTIN

It is customary ever presidential campaign for a lot of 'great people' to change their party allegiance and cause a stir and get some publicity. The convention hall at Cleveland was hardly emptied till Ike Lark came out



Tell Binkley in 1884 for Davis, or McAdoo, or Ralston, or Smith, or whoever might get the democratic presidential plum. "The cowardly attitude of the republican platform makers toward a bobbed hair man settled me," said Ike. Tell Binkley, who has torched an Roman candled for ever republican president since Grant, has handed in his resignation as attorney for the Roose-

On Political Floppers



Lafe Bud.



Ike Lark.

prunes, a cup o' coffee, an' a couple o' doubtful eggs at Cleveland durin' th' snow storm th' week o' June 9. Hon. ex-Editor Cale Fluhart, who published a democratic paper in a republican county for years, an' lived

volt club life an' drum corps an' support La Follette, or not vote at all. He paid \$1.65 fer seven sour

on acorns, an' wuz lately defeated fer th' janitorship o' th' Cox club, has come out unreservedly fer Coolidge. "I'll give ever' once o' energy I've got t' defeat Filippine independence," he's quoted as sayin' t'day, while paintin' a straw hat. Lafe Bud, o' th' younger, or world court, school o' democrats, an' who covers some 15

Modern Theory of Atom Sound

Not "Scientific Fad;" Convincing as Rotation of Earth, Says Science.

London, July 5.—Modern views regarding the atom are no mere scientific fad, but are, instead, theoretical results as convincing as the rotation of the earth or the movements of the planets in their orbits, according to Prof. Robert A. Millikan, distinguished American physicist and scientist. In a lecture before the English

counties for a crayon portrait concern in Chicago, confirmed th' rumor t'day that he's through fer all time with th' democratic party, an' he's expected t' have many followers. Travellin', as he does, his glib tongue is expected t' do inestimable harm t' th' party o' Jefferson. "I've been married some eight or nine years an' I'm fer Coolidge 'cause he don't shoot his mouth off all th' time," he said t'day, in th' back end of a drug store.

Chemical society Professor Millikan maintained that the atom would be found to be a permanent heritage of the human race. After summarizing what was definitely known as regards the atom, he contrasted the evidence in favor of the atom, which was believed to have a central nucleus, surrounded by quiescent electrons, with the physicist's atom, which had a central nucleus and electrons speeding round it. He poured some ridicule on the former hypothesis, stating that it was difficult to imagine these electrons loafing, as it were, and waiting for other loafing electrons to roll up and join them. Nothing would be subtracted from this picture of the electron, he contended; rather, much would be added in the same way, as the atom had not lost one whit of its truth in the realm of chemistry. Summarizing the experimental evidence in favor of the atom model, which pictured the electrons whirling round the central nucleus, he pointed out how, in collaboration with other scientists, he had succeeded in stripping atoms of their inner coatings of electrons and had successfully shown that the fundamental law of inverse squares actually did apply to the outer electrons, just as Rutherford had shown it applied to the area close to the nucleus.

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This is Medicine Chest Week

Every mother knows the tragedy of the empty medicine cabinet ---the precious minutes when the right application may save the life of her child. It is then that the sharp realization comes of what a fully equipped medicine chest means to health and well being of every member of the family.

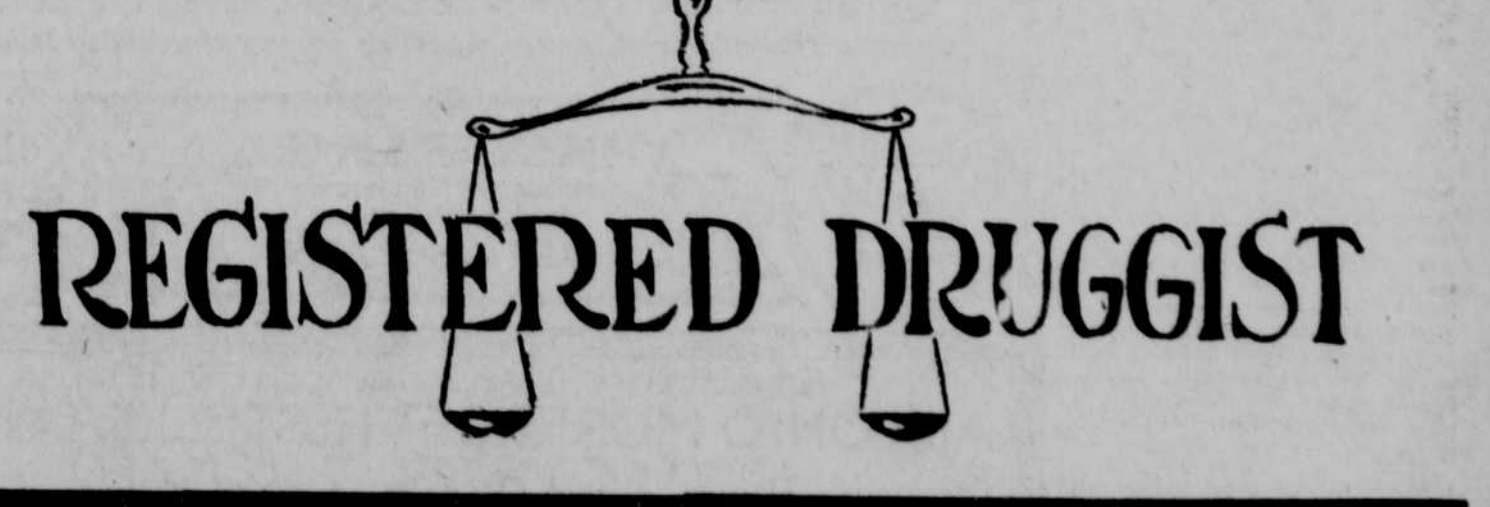
Medicine Chest Week has been designated as a week of preparation and instruction in First Aid materials and application. Every Registered Druggist whose name appears in this advertisement will gladly explain the use and application of all necessary Medicine Chest needs. His experience and knowledge will help you to meet an emergency intelligently and with the proper materials.

Check up your Medicine Chest needs NOW. Don't wait until an emergency brings you face to face with a crisis---and an empty medicine chest. Prepare for the emergencies of summer and vacation by ordering First Aid Materials from your druggist NOW.

The following materials cover the needs of the First Aid Cabinet or Medicine Chest. Your druggist will gladly inform you regarding the use and application of each. This list should be in every home and factory for emergency use.

- Absorbent Lint
Absorbent Gauze
Absorbent Cotton
Adhesive Plaster
Aromatic Spirits of Ammonia
Rolloed Cotton Bandages
Tincture Iodine
Safety Pins
Scissors
Tweezers
Splints
Zinc Oxide Towels
Zinc Stearate
Complete First Aid Kits for Home and Factory

IMPORTANT "When the wound is serious apply 'first aid' and then call your physician immediately."



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